

Knitters' Drive Crosses the Mississippi and Is Going Strong Now in the Western States—Quality of Verse Steadily Improving, Too

There are several notable things to tell about the sock song contest this week.

First of all, the Knitters' Drive has crossed the Mississippi and is going strong in the Western States, several entries having been received from that region.

Second, the verses are distinctly of better quality, the lyrical strain being decidedly good and the sentiments expressed up to the high standards already set. We may say, however, in this connection that we don't care a bit about the poetical value of the contributions, laying more stress on the spirit that animates the knitter. So you don't have to be a poet to compete or to win. It's an open competition designed to spur on the knitting work for soldiers and every line helps.

The third notable feature is that first prize is awarded to a contestant from far away Tennessee, whose verse was so undeniably good that there was no question as to who would be the winner.

Helen Topping Miller, whose married name is Mrs. F. Roger Miller, crosses the line in front with her verse "To a Sock."

Next comes a Brooklyn knitter, Miss Alice Lowell, 275 Clinton street, Brooklyn, who calls her offering "Daddy's Socks."

The third prize winner, Mrs. Anna Little of Rutherford, N. J., didn't give her verse a title, but it was good enough anyhow to finish up with the leaders.

Numbers of the contestants are writing in to say nice things about this contest and to bear testimony that it actually does spur the work. For instance, Mrs. Charles A. Speer, whose verse got in the Honorable Mention Class, says: "Allow me to congratulate you for the Sock Song idea. It adds zest and cheery spirit to knitting. It makes a game of real work, and each round of the sock now almost knits out its own jingle."

"A. R. B.," who also receives honorable mention, writes "A. R. B." is going to try again. Two of my three socks have just sent word that they want socks." Mrs. James Young of 4820 Parkside avenue, Philadelphia, has this to say: "I am sending my sock songs to you

hoping I may win the wool and soon have it converted into more socks for our blessed boys. I think I am a bona fide patriotic knitter, for I loathe knitting and still I do it."

Please Acknowledge Prizes.

Mrs. Young wasn't fortunate enough to win a prize this week, but we hope that she won't give up trying and that she shall hear from her again. While on this subject of letters we would like to make a request. Will the prize winners be good enough when they receive the wool which we are having sent out through Lord & Taylor of New York to drop us a line saying that it has arrived, so that we will know there isn't any possible slip in transportation and that the right person gets the reward each time?

In this connection, read this graceful note from Mrs. Peter B. Wyckoff of Mendham, N. J., one of the prize winners of May 26:

I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the wool received June 5 for the first prize awarded in Sock Song competition, which was printed in THE SUN, Sunday, May 26. The wool is remarkably fine in quality, and I shall make good use of it for socks for our men "over there."

Thanking you sincerely for the wool and the award. Very sincerely, C. D. Wyckoff.

One more thing before we put in the "honorable mention" letters, and that is a word to the knitting men and women and children of New York City. They have been far behind the people of other localities in sending in verses and first prize hasn't been won yet for this big town, although the contest has been running four weeks. Probably it's simply bashfulness, not lack of interest, and certainly not lack of patriotic willingness. Send 'em along, New Yorkers! Now we have

Honorable Mention.

I'm sending these socks "with a blessing To go to my soldier so true. I'm saying 'Good luck and God bless you. And guide in whatever you do.' The stockings you wear on your feet, And thus with a cloak of good nature, I'm sure that your outfit's complete. C. A. Wood, 14 Green street, BROOKLINE, MASS.

I've filled these socks with kindly hopes, And made them with bright smiles; And though they claim but two short feet, My wishes measure miles.

Mrs. J. W. MEKE, CAMDEN, Ark.

Knit a sock, knit a sock, Maid and man, Serve your country As fast as you can. Purl it, and heel it, and toe it with care, And send it to France for a Sammy to wear.

Mrs. CHARLES A. SPEER, BRATTLEBORO, Vt.

Oh, boys, dear, be strong and brave And we will all try hard to save. Save the food and give the dollar Just to make the Kaiser holler.

Mrs. C. R. 312 West 109th street, NEW YORK CITY.

We'll knit you socks, and we'll knit you sweaters Just to show the Hun their betters. We'll knit, knit and keep on knitting Until we're sure of the Kaiser quitting.

Mrs. C. R. 312 West 109th street, NEW YORK CITY.

Every stitch that's knit, a longing, Every stitch that's purl, a prayer, That my cherished sock will surely Fit some fellow over there!

CATHERINE PARSONS, 1415 Beacon street, BROOKLINE, MASS.

"What's that you say? Me knit a sock in summer time? Well, I guess not. A tennis game is bad enough without my handling that hot stuff."

"I can't," another one replies, "I have and trouble with my eyes."

And with a somewhat guilty look she covers up a well read book.

"Oh, really, no," some others say, "My parlor must be cleaned to-day. Perhaps I'll help you later on when all this cleaning work is done."

And many more excuses make while our boys' lives are now at stake.

Forgetting in their souls so small the men who now are giving all. But yet, thank God, a million hands throughout our patriotic lands Will knit and knit and knit and knit, each trying hard to do "her bit."

A. R. B.

FAIR HAVEN, N. J.

Knit, sister, knit with prayer, Knit for your soldier Over There! He's yours and mine, whoever he be, Wherever he fights, on land or sea. We must help him along to victory. So knit for your soldier Over There!

CHORUS.

Knit, sister, knit with prayer! Knit for your soldier Over There! Mrs. W. F. PATTON, PITTSFORD, N. Y.

With apologies to the memory of Mark Twain.

Dear Yankee soldier, tell me true, Does the sock I knit, honor bright, fit you? For if it doesn't I'll knit another, You can give this pair to a soldier brother.

RUTH FORBES CHAMBER, 236 Hempstead street, New London Conn.

Whether by choice or whether by chance, Dear soldier boys, who are off in France, You are fighting for us, while we knit for you.

SOCK SONG PRIZE WINNERS IN THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE.

HELEN TOPPING MILLER, Morristown, Tenn.

Will Cosette or Adelaide or Jeanne with eyes of blue, Pick up the stick I drop by chance, and mend the toes of you? Threading a loyal smile for France the dainty stitches through.

Or will those downcast maiden eyes see, through a golden haze, Some gallant lad, some khaki lad, with brave audacious ways? Hear little lilted pipes that play, above the Marcellaise?

Methinks it were the wisest thing to knit you strong and true, Lest Cosette or Adelaide or Jeanne with eyes of blue, Should drop another stitch, perchance, and spoil the toes of you!

SECOND PRIZE.

Miss ALICE LOWELL, 275 Clinton St., Brooklyn.

DADDY'S SOCKS.

A darling little girl had learned to knit and purl, To make stockings for her soldier dad. How jolly! She worked with all her might, But when she'd finished, quite, Those funny little socks would just fit "dollar!"

Alas for cruel fate! Her daddy could not wait, Behold, his kit was packed and he must start! But the socks the baby knit, Were not wasted, not a bit. For daddy wore those socks—upon his heart.

THIRD PRIZE.

Mrs. ANNA LITTLE, Rutherford, N. J.

I think, while I'm knitting for "somebody's boy," How "somebody's mother" must feel. Her heart lone and sad, but so proud of the lad Who's a MAN from his head to his heel.

God speed the glad tidings we're waiting to hear, Is the prayer that each sock tries to tell, Then, think of the joy of "somebody's boy," And of "somebody's mother" as well.

Conditions of the Sock Song Contest.

Everybody welcome! Open to all patriotic knitters, male or female. Verses must be not over ten lines long. Write on one side of the paper only, if possible. Prizes will be announced on each Sunday on verses received by THE SUNDAY SUN, 150 Nassau street, not later than Wednesday. After that they will be considered for the following week's competition. Names will not be used, if requested, unless verses win a prize. First prize, \$5 in wool; second prize, \$2 in wool; third prize \$1 in wool.

And we're going to knit the whole war through. There are millions of socks of nice soft yarn. Being sent to you at the River March, And by these tokens you sure will know How far these webs of love can go; May they keep your steps away from sin And guide your march into old Berlin.

HARRIET ROBERTS LEWIS, Naugatuck, Conn.

O, socks of silk and socks of lisle, And socks of every hue, We'll darn and don for many a mile, But new ones we'll eschew Like any miser!

We are knit, knit, knitting, while we're at, sit, sitting, In a long, long row beneath the sun. While we're knitting little stitches, You are digging little ditches For the further interference of the Hun.

We are knit, knit, knitting, but we never think of quitting, Though the string of knitted stitches rings the world. While we're knitting you your socks, You're knocking off their blocks; Go to it, boys, Old Glory is unfurled.

JANETTE LOGAN JACOBS, The Homestead, Washington, Conn.

Over There. Over There. Send some socks to our folks, over there. Don't you think of quitting, Just keep on knitting, 'Till every Yankee has a pair! Don't despair. We can share. For our "bit" is to knit things to wear. They'll be over. We'll send them over. And we'll knit, knit, knit, 'till it's over, Over There! Tenny, Atlantic City.

Over there, over there, Send a pair, send a pair over there; For the socks are coming, the socks are coming. The needles are humming everywhere. So prepare, say a prayer. And send it with your socks over there. For they're over, they're going over, And they'll need lots of socks. When they're over, over there.

H. T. COOKS, 18 Lawn Ridge road, Orange, N. J.

Instructions for knitters are sung into two entries, and while we personally don't know how to knit we have an idea that by following these directions we could turn out a very creditable sock or two. Read these:

Knit socks till the war's won, Bring the hanks of wool, it's over, Wind the yarn and cast it on Three needles full. Knit and purl, purl and knit, Then plain around to heel; Turn it well and gusset it, Plain now "awee!" "Kitcheners"—the toe we like, Makes easier the soldier's hike.

L. S. D., New York city.

Thoughts While Knitting a Red Cross Sock.

As I "set up" the stitches and "rib" a while, May you march in triumph many a mile, As I change to "plain," and knit and knit, Here's hoping these socks will certainly fit.

As I "turn" the heel, set the gussets in, Here's wishing our Cause very soon may win. As I knit the foot and measure with care, May the poor tired feet in comfort wear. As I "narrow" and weave the "Kitcheners' toe," May a warm understanding between us grow.

CLARA VICKROY BALCH, 116 Midland ave., Montclair, N. J.

Just to show how much interest middle and far Western knitters are beginning to take in the contest a couple of entries from those regions are given herewith:

While the women sit knitting, warm woolen socks fitting For trench wear in cold winter weather, Do they know while they're rocking and knitting a stocking, They are knitting the Allies together? Frairie Girl, Vermillion, S. D.

Knit two; purl two— 'Tis so little, little— Knit two; purl two— So little that I can do. Add a mite to his comfort there, Weave in my love and a bit of a prayer.

Knit two; purl two— 'Tis so little, little— Knit two; purl two— So little that I can do.

SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT, 5774 De Giverville ave., St. Louis.

Here's another verse we liked although it didn't get a prize, E. Colgan of 168 East Eighty-ninth street, New York, being the author:

We will send a sock song every week until the contest's done And every Sunday at the stand we'll buy a SUNDAY SUN. For we learn from those sock songs that come from near and far That while you knit you do your bit to help to win the war. In all the wars for Liberty the women made their mark. And if you want to see them knit just knitted socks for— I don't know who. But in fancy I've seen him, and talked with him, too. He's no hero of gentle birth, He's little in rank, but he's much in limb. He's plain of speech and strong of limb. He's rich in heart, but he's poor of kin. There are none at home to work for him. And whether he watches to-night on the sea Or kindles his camp fire on lone Icyes I know he's the noblest of all that are there. The promptest to do and the bravest to die, The strongest in trust and the last to despair. So here I sit at the same old work, Knitting socks for the soldiers, from daylight till dark. And whispering low as the thread flies through, To him who shall wear them, I don't know who. "Ah, my soldier, fight bravely, be patient, be true. For some one is knitting and praying for you."

Remember Mrs. Hattie A. Nettleton, New Milford, Conn., knitter, who won first prize the first week of the contest? Well, she sent in another, a real good one too, and we are glad to print it and to state that we approve heartily of the sentiments set forth therein:

What are you singing, my pretty maid? SUNDAY SUNDAY SUNDAY, sir, she said. What are you knitting, my pretty maid? Socks for soldiers, sir, she said. How can I help you, my pretty maid? Sock the Kaiser! sir, she said.

Urges That More Knit.

The following letter, reprinted from THE EVENING SUN of May 31, ought to be brought to the special attention of all knitters. We are sure the writer is mistaken in some respects, and if he is right in others we are certain the delinquents will come to time.

Sir—What has become of all the knitters that we saw in the cars, parks

and in fact everywhere one went, even in the theatres?

Was this a fad like many other things that have come and gone? Surely the need for these articles is as great as ever, and believe me, my dear women folk, this war is no fad, although 3,000 miles away from the front, the boys going into the camps at this time are in just as much need as the boys in the first draft and will be wanting these woolen articles during the coming winter.

Do not let us become a nation of "comes and goes," but get busy during vacation time, and knit, knit, knit, and still knit. Charles E. Harris, Brooklyn, May 30.

By the way, sock songs are not a new thing. For this war and in this way, yes, but way back in the civil war in May, 1861, and shows that they did then just the same as we are doing to-day, "knitting socks for we don't know who."

Here I sit at the same old work, Knitting socks for— I don't know who. But in fancy I've seen him, and talked with him, too. He's no hero of gentle birth, He's little in rank, but he's much in limb. He's plain of speech and strong of limb. He's rich in heart, but he's poor of kin. There are none at home to work for him. And whether he watches to-night on the sea Or kindles his camp fire on lone Icyes I know he's the noblest of all that are there. The promptest to do and the bravest to die, The strongest in trust and the last to despair. So here I sit at the same old work, Knitting socks for the soldiers, from daylight till dark. And whispering low as the thread flies through, To him who shall wear them, I don't know who. "Ah, my soldier, fight bravely, be patient, be true. For some one is knitting and praying for you."

Of course they have their sweethearts. To say nothing of their wives. But it's the old maids that are having The Time of their young lives Knitting socks for soldiers. It matters not what size they wear. Those boys of Uncle Sam, It's the feeling that we're with them And doing what we can, Knitting socks for soldiers.

Ida C. Mulliken, 224 Broad street, Newark, N. J.

Need for socks is growing faster than ever, U-boat raids to the contrary notwithstanding, so knit, sisters, knit.



What Every Woman Wants To Know.

EDITED BY *Grace Rittenhouse*

NEW RAIN CLOTHES WHOLLY SENSIBLE

TO be caught in a shower while out walking or to have to venture forth on foot on a rainy day used to be considered one of the most soul vexing things that could occur to a woman who made pretensions at fashion. Of course country girls, milkmaids and shepherdesses no doubt had to brave the humid weather as well as that which was balmy. But they were hardy creatures, used to being drenched and clothed in coarse homespun, with neither frills, ribbons nor ruffles that would be injured by the downpour.

In nothing else does the girl of the early twentieth century differ so much from the girl of the early eighteenth century as in the way she encounters rainy weather. As a matter of fact, fashionable woman's attire 200 years ago was not fitted for outdoor wear at all. It is safe to say that no fashionable woman was properly shrouded for the streets.

Unsuited as are many of the shoes woman of to-day are persuaded to buy in the name of fashion and appearance, still there are shoes that are weather proof and shoes that are entirely suited for street wear. And the more pretensions a woman of to-day makes at being well dressed and well bred the more she is sure to have the right kind of footwear to wear in the street on a rainy day.

But 200 years ago sensible shoes simply were not made except for country women, who went about in wooden shoes or shoes of the heaviest, most unsightly leather. Shoes were then, as now, high heeled, the only difference being that there were no other sort.

The Old Fashion.

They were made of thin colored leather and the tops were open and fragile. All the more unsuited for wet weather were they in view of the fact that the streets of London and other cities of those days were covered with mud, roofs dripped on footpaths and water spouts from roof corners poured forth water on passersby.

The ideal thing for the lady of fashion to do then was either to stay in or to go out in chair or coach. If she had to go forth on foot she donned wooden pattens and as heavy a riding hood as she had, turned up her skirts all around about, and tripped forth.

It was not until less than 200 years ago that umbrellas were generally in use in England or the American colonies. They were at first large, cumbersome affairs, made of oilskin, and were used only by coachmen to hold over fastidious ladies and gentlemen as they alighted from their coaches.

It was not until 1756 that a mere man dared to unfurl an umbrella over his own head in London. Women had carried them before that time, or had servants to carry them, but men before that time depended merely on thick woollen overcoats to keep out the rain.

To see a finely dressed lady, after the introduction of this device, tripping her way through the streets comparatively dry and secure was a sight that attracted attention, and more than one poet was inspired to rapture at the sight of maidens who—

"... underneath the umbrella's safe shade, Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread."

But these early umbrellas were clumsy affairs at best, and pattens were not the most comfortable things in the world to walk on. Unknown to the maid or matron of those days were the modern conveniences for the woman of to-day who ventures forth in the rain as neatly and comfortably equipped as though out for a summer evening stroll.

Rainy Daisy Pioneers.

It was less than a generation ago that we first heard about the rainy daisies, and though the women who received this appellation received also no small amount of ridicule, they did a worth while work in taking a step away from skirts that trailed and had to be lifted on rainy days. They were pioneers in the movement toward fitting the rainy day attire to the rainy day conditions.

Now the girl dressed appropriately for rainy days is a matter of course. Designers of waterproof coats and hats and short walking skirts, waterproof shoes and rubbers have conspired to make these useful garments and accessories very attractive, besides appropriate, so that sometimes when you encounter a smartly dressed woman prepared to encounter the rain you have to admit that her costume brings out new charms and graces in her appearance.

One wonders whether we have come to the last chapter in this matter of rainy day attire. Occasionally one meets a young girl who thinks that the most up-to-date umbrella from London leaves something to be desired as a warder off of rain. She will argue with you that the ideal contraption would not have to be held up, it would fasten lightly on the shoulders or pivot from the centre of the hat.

Rubbers or overshoes are not according to some exacting pedestrians the ideal foot protection for rainy days. They are constricting and awkward and even more awkward are golden shoes, that some one will invent a lighter, more comfortable waterproof covering for the feet, and when these things have come to pass then the young woman who goes forth on a rainy day will be as much in advance of the girl of to-day as the girl of to-day is ahead of the patten shod girl of two hundred years ago.

HOW TO PREPARE LETTUCE.

Lettuce—Lettuce should be thoroughly washed the minute it is received in the kitchen. It can be satisfactorily cleaned in several bowls of water or else under running water. Then it should be carefully wiped in a wet, clean cloth and put directly on the ice until it is needed.

WHEN YOU COOK VEGETABLES.

CAULIFLOWER and Onions—Boil cauliflower and onions in an uncovered saucepan to make the odor as little apparent in the house as possible. Also leave the kitchen window open at the top for a few inches. This method of ventilating carries off much of the odor.

For Whiteness—Some cooks think that a little bit of butter added to the water in which green corn or cauliflower is to be cooked keeps the vegetable white in the course of cooking.

Cucumbers—Remember that the better juice of the cucumber is in the point, so cut off the pointed end before paring, else the knife will carry the juice from the point all along the surface of the cucumber.

Sweet Potatoes—Sweet potatoes are usually rather damp when they are boiled, and are therefore much improved by a second cooking. They can be fried in butter, French fried, mashed and made into cakes or croquettes or served in any other of a number of delicious forms.

Green Peppers—Remember that sometimes when green peppers are sweet, so far as their flesh goes, the seeds are hot. If cooked with the peppers they give an unpleasant peppery taste, so the seeds should always be carefully removed before the peppers are cooked.